

To the wide window at "Apokrepsint."

There is a window that mine eyes have seen -  
An open casement, free of craft or spill,  
Where the wide vista of God's glimmering green  
Waits, the long day, world-neary hearts to fill;  
Here towering trees stand splendid in the sun -  
Stately birches clad with silver sheen,  
The elms and oaks like emeralds, golden yew,  
Guarding sentinels, constant and serene.

Here is a place for dreaming, ear to shrill voice  
Seems but a cadence, lost in sweet release;  
Here shines a spirit, living to rejoice  
Where tender Nature builds the bow with peace;  
O, Thy Eternal! build within my breast  
Such open window, where they self might rest.

Affectionately dedicated  
Minnie Felix Harenstein,  
August 8th 1923.